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ROBERT EMMET, A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS,

NEWLY ARRANGED,

BY

REV. L. GRIFFA.

✓ Pilgrim



ROBERT EMMET.

By James Fugate

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS,

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OSWEGO, N. Y.

R. J. OLIPHANT, JOB PRINTER AND STATIONER.

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P R E F A C E .

The idea and several passages of this drama, especially in the fourth act, were borrowed from that of James Pilgrim; but the rest and the arrangement of the plot is all new and original. It is also more in accordance with history; and the principal characters, such as Emmet's and Maria Curran's, which in the old drama had been left, as it were, in obscurity, are, in this, placed in appropriate prominence; which all renders this drama more interesting and important.

L. G.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

EMMET—The Irish Patriot, Maria Curran's Suitor.

O'LEARY—(Miles Burns in disguise,) Patriot and Emmet's Friend.

DOWDALL—Another Patriot and Emmet's Friend.

DARBY O'GAFF—A Sprig of the Emerald Isle.

KERNAN—A Landlord's Agent, Emmet's Rival and a Traitor.

TOPFALL—A Sergeant in the British Army.

JOHN—A Servant, then a Jailer.

LORD NORBURY—The High Court Judge.

FOREMAN OF THE JURY.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, }
PARRELL, } Appearing and Speaking in a Dream of Emmet's.

MARIA CURRAN.

JUDY—Maria's Maid.

Other Judges, Soldiers, Emmet's Colleagues, People, Jury, &c.

Entered according to Act of Congress in 1882,

By REV. L. GRIFFA,

in the office of the Librarian of Congress,

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ACT I.

SCENE 1.—Country. An Inn seen on one side.

DOWDALL, JUDY and DARBY, then KERNAN and TOPFALL.

Dowdall—Now, my girl, be of good heart. If we part, I am confident it will only be for a short time.

Judy—It's very lonesome I feel to lave home, an' go among strangers, an' alone.

Darby—(Who carries a bundle with her little traps). Alone, ye say, darlin'. Ain't I going to be wid ye everywhere and foriver?

Dowdall—Yes, my boy; you have been with us long when we lived in our old dear cabin. And now that we had to leave it to that rapacious wolf of Kernaan, the agent, you must be wherever we may be. I'll see that you may always find some job in this city. But, as to Judy, you must be discreet. She will have a good situation, and you must not give her a bad name by too frequent calls.

Darby—Don't be afeard, Master; I'll be a good boy (to Judy), barrin' a little wooing—always decent. (Judy gently pushes him away, &c.)

Dowdall—Now, Judy, take this letter of introduction to the lady with whom you are going to live. It is from one whose word is a command to her. She is also alone, her father being away in England. She will be more like a sister to you than a Mistress. (Letter is given and taken.)

Darby—Won't ye tell her also to let me in often to see Judy?

Dowdall—It is already arranged that you shall be our common messenger. I informed them of your fidelity.

Darby—(Flourishing a shillela) Bedad, sir, I'll shake the carcass of any spalpeen that dares to tich her.

Dowdall—I do not speak only of Judy, boy.

Darby—Ov coorsh, ov coorsh. But her first.

Dowdall—And now go. You, Darby, see her to the place and carry her traps.

Darby—I'll carry her, too, if need's be (mimic an embrace and Judy does as above.)

Dowdall—I have some business with the landlord of this inn. He will always be able to tell you all about me. Good bye. (Embraces Judy and goes to inn.)

Darby—(Putting on the floor the bundle and shillela, and playfully rubbing his hands), And now, Judy, darling, before we part and go among the big bugs, won't ye say the word? Shure it's asy enough to say it.

Judy—Yer wanting it all your way, Darby; and laving no chance for a poor girl to change her mind at all, at all.

Darby—Ho! the devil a bit will ye be wantin' to change yer moind.

Judy—Way wid yer. It's swearin' ye are? (Pat pets her.) Well, I'll be yer wife, Darby, barrin' accidents, from now till weddin' day.

Darby—(Rubs his hands and jumps.) Faix that's kind of ye, Judy. Thank ye. (Takes up bundle and shillela.) Now let's go.

Kernan—(Judy shrieks.) Hello, that's fine work. (Taunting.)

Darby—Better than all yer old tricks, ye bellababooch. (Mocking.)

Kernan—Are ye not ashamed, girl, to walk with a ragged good for nothing? (Darby shows him his fist.) You will surely prefer to walk with a gentleman. Come along. (Takes her arm in arm.) I'll show you where you want to go.

Darby—(Puts bundle on the floor and his fist to his face, and pushes Kernan away, flourishes his shillela and appears to strike him on the legs.) Take this, ye old spaldeen. (Kernan falls and tumbles down.)

Kernan—(Hurt and on the ground yet.) 'Tis the first time I was struck by one of your class.

Darby—More's the pity for that. If all the like of you be kicked out of ould Ireland, 'twould be a great blessing. (Feigns to strike him again.)

Kernan—(Trembling.) You won't kill me now?

Darby—(Picks up bundle and takes Judy's arm.) Come, Judy, let's go. (Exeunt. Kernan is still on the ground, rubbing his legs and trying to get up.)

Topfall.—Halio, Boss; what's the matter with you? (Laughs at him heartily.) Some of your old love scrapes. (Lifts him up.) I was just looking for you.

Kernan—That cursed ragamuffin hurt me very badly. (Rubs his legs.)

Topfall—You wanted to take his girl, eh? (Laughs.) You are incorrigibly foolish, you inveterate—

Kernan—Well, let that go, sergeant. (Recovering.) I have business for you.

Topfall—Dirty, as usual, I suppose. Well, make it glitter with gold and I am ready for anything.

Kernan—Hav'nt you heard of the new conspiracy suspected by the government?

Topfall—Too much of it already. Nothing but patrolling here, patrolling there. I am tired of it. But, so far, I know nothing more.

Kernan—Well, know, then, that it is a fact. And (maliciously) you know that in such cases spies are needed.

Topfall—I see, I see. (Sneakingly.) And you want me to be one of them with you?

Kernan—Precisely, my man. (In low tone.) Plenty of money in it. (Shakes pocket full of money.) I had a good bounty already.

Topfall—(Smacks.) Parbleu! Well, what do you want me to do? And how much shall I have of that? (Slapping Kernan's pocket and trying to put his hand in it.)

Kernan—Easy, sir. (Preventing him.) There must be good understanding and honesty—

Topfall—Even among rogues, eh?

Kernan—Well, now; (counts on Topfall's hand five guineas) 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. The first thing for you, now, is to secure the man called Dowdall. I'll show you where the dog loiters. I have dogged him throughout the country where he used to live. He has been everywhere. The details of what he has done there I don't know yet. But we'll find it all out now in the city, especially when you have caged him.

Topfall—I'll cage him. How much will you give afterwards?

Kernan—Easy, I say, my dog. You are insatiable. (Angrily.)

Topfall—You dog me already; (Turning with menace at Kernan.)

Kernan—Oh, (conciliating) be patient; be a man. Well, now, listen. I'll tell you all. They have dropped their recent name of "United Irishmen;" they intend to revive the old volunteering system of 1798, and strike a blow at the Castle. I have this from the authorities. I have already discovered for them that the leader of all is an old enemy of mine at college, and now my rival in love.

Topfall—I knew that there was some love affair, too. (Taunting.)

Kernan—Never mind that. That's my business. Your business now is to cage Dowdall. Afterwards to be ready for every job I give you, with a pack of your soldiers. For every job five guineas more. Is not that square enough?

Topfall—Well, we'll see. (Maliciously.)

Kernan—You are a Cerebus, indeed.

Topfall—A Cer-ber what? (Turning angrily as above.)

Kernan—You don't know Mitology, I see. Well, let us not quarrel now. Do you see yonder inn?

Topfall—Good whiskey, there.

Kernan—I suspect it is the rendezvous of these new volunteers. But I'll discover it all myself. Now to Dowdall. Secure him and bring him here. Come, I'll show you the hound's hiding place. Then we'll meet here again at 3 p. m.

SCENE 2.—When the scene opens Maria is in the act of shaking hands with Emmet, introducing him into her parlor.)

Maria—Welcome, dear Robert. Oh! how I longed to see thee.

Emmet—Thanks, beloved.

Maria—I have just received a letter from my father. You must read it. Please be seated. (They sit down; Maria hands letter.)

"LONDON, July 15, 1803.

(Reads.) "DEARLY BELOVED MARIA: I heartily approve your choice of Emmet." (Spoken—Many thanks to the kind old gentleman.) "I have just a faint recollection of the Kernan you speak of; enough though to enable me to say that he seems to be a busy-body, unreliable." (Spoken—Did he really make proposals to you, Maria?)

Maria—He has importuned and annoyed me very much; but I detest him.

Emmet—The wretch! Know, Maria, that he is an old rival of mine. We were in college together; and, even then, he always wanted to quarrel with me.

Maria—Another reason why I should hate him. But read on. Forget him.

Emmet—(Reading). "I have heard a good deal of young Robert Emmet and of his brother, and I am greatly pleased to see that they follow the footsteps of their father, an old acquaintance of mine, a true patriot, who took a prominent part, with Grattan and myself, in all that was done for our poor country in 1778 and 1798."

Maria—How I feel proud of my dear Robert! (Emmet bows to Maria affectionately.)

Emmet. (Reading again.)—"I was informed lately that he returned to Ireland from France, with some kind of understanding with the French Consul, and that he meditates some new attempt to liberate our dear country."

Maria—Would you tell me something about all that, Robert?

Emmet—I set out for Ireland in the beginning of October last; and when in France I had really the honor of becoming acquainted with the great Napoleon Bonaparte, who admitted me to confidential interviews, concerning his and our country. Between ourselves, we had a mutual understanding about what is best to do.

Maria—I feel still more proud of my Robert; but read on.

Emmet. (Reads.)—"The Bonaparte is rather inclined to invade other countries. I would prefer to leave our poor country as it is rather than to risk a French invasion." (*Spoken*.—And so I would. (Rises with enthusiasm), Ah! do you, Maria, does your father suppose that I would sell away my country to other masters? No, (excitedly) whatever I may do, it is, it must be, only to make Ireland a nation of itself, independent (with great emphasis) and free!

Maria—(Caressingly.) Oh! do not excite yourself, dear Robert. We surely cannot entertain another opinion of you. Your heart is too noble!

Emmet—Well, I will explain this matter myself to your father by letter. For the present, know, my dear, that Bonaparte wants to hamper England; and we can take advantage of England if Bonaparte gives her trouble. We can help each other and have each our independence, by a simultaneous action against our common foe. That's all there is about it. And that's all my understanding with that Frenchman, whose unscrupulous ambition I do not, after all, admire.

Maria—My dear, noble Robert! (Embraces him.)

Emmet—But I must finish the letter. (Reads.) "Tell him to be cautious, and to beware of spies." (*Spoken*.—Ah! I know that too well.) *Reads again*—"I wish he would get acquainted with old, experienced patriots, such as Dowdall, a poor farmer, but who has done a great deal of good throughout the country in '78 and '98, and the well known Miles Byrns, who had to flee from Ireland, but who, I hear, has now returned with the assumed name of Bryan O'Leary."

(*Spoken*.—Maria, that is just what I have done. This Byrns, under the assumed name of O'Leary, and apparently a simple innkeeper, is my most intimate friend, and has already done an immense amount of good with us in Ireland's cause. For Dowdall, he is the father of the girl whom I recommended to you for a servant. By-the-by, is she already with you?)

Maria—She is; and quite satisfied am I of her.

Emmet—Will you allow her father, to take, at times, refuge in your house? He attempts, sometimes, most risky operations, and has to hide wherever he can find safety.

Maria—I shall be most happy to do so.

Emmet—They have also an old family friend, most faithful—by name Darby. He may also occasionally repair hither. He is our secret mes-

senger. If you consent, I would sometimes send you my letters through him.

Maria—All right, all right, Robert. Whatever you say is a command to me. But read on.

Emmet. (Reading).—"Tell him, also, that if circumstances do not make it prudent to attempt a political move, he would do better to go to America, rather than to return to France, and await there for opportunities. In that case I give my consent to your marriage, and you may follow him." (Emmet stops in astonishment.)

Maria—Oh! yes, Robert, do not be too venturesome. Any enterprise of such nature is fraught with too much danger. I tremble at the very idea of you engaging yourself in any. My father's suggestion of going to America is my dream, since I came to know you. Let that be our adopted country, if there's no prospect of seeing Ireland made free.

Emmet—What? Fly from my country? Fly from the suffering people I have sworn to defend? Leave them furtherly a prey to the insatiate jaws of blood thirsty tyranny? No! (getting excited) If the brave and unfortunate Fitzgerald and his associates felt themselves justified in seeking to redress Ireland's grievances by taking the field, what must not be our justification now, now that not a vestige of self-government exists, in consequence of the accursed Union, and the suppression, nay extinction, of parliament itself?

Maria—Too true, Robert. But if you were to make just a vain attempt, and then die a victim of that tyranny—(Arises) Excuse woman's weakness. I love thee too much to part with thee just to sacrifice thee. (Weeps.)

Emmet—Well, in that case, we would meet surely in heaven. But come, come, no tears. My heart tells me that all will be right. But, by-the-by, the letter. (Looks over it.) Oh, there is only left the close of it. (Reads.) "Adieu, my dear Maria. Thy devoted father,

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN."

(Returns the letter to Maria, who kisses it.)

—Ah! I feel confident that both Mr. Curran and his daughter shall only have reason to be proud of me.

Maria—I am and shall always be, Robert, no matter what may happen.

Emmet—Take this cross, (gives it) wear it on that noble bosom. When thou shalt hear the shout of the liberated multitudes, press it to thy heart, and thank the Supreme Ruler of nations for the retribution given to our enemies and for the redress at last afforded to Ireland's wrongs. (They embrace and part. Maria retires to another room.)

SCENE 3.—(Landscape. Set cottage or tavern with the ensign, "Volunteers." Table outside and stools.)

O'Leary—(Enters from cottage.) Poor Ireland, my beloved country! when will thy sorrows cease? Tyranny and oppression have laid thee waste! This once happy neighborhood that welcomed the shades of evening with joyous faces both in song and dance, when the valley echoed with the sound of the merry pipes—alas! how changed! (Hears somebody coming.) Some new volunteers, I hope, coming to enlist in

our little band for the rescue of our dear land. Ah, no! it is a stranger. I must be cautious. There are so many spies employed by the English government, who prowl around to ensnare the honest. (Kernan appears.) Ah! I fear this is one of them.

Kernan—Good morning, landlord of the “Volunteers.” (Looks at ensign.) Suppose I volunteer to take a drink? (Pleasant.)

O'Leary—(Pleasant also.) Suppose I volunteer to give it to you? (Going to cottage for drink.)

Kernan—Tip-top! But stop; why do you call this the tavern of the “volunteers?”

O'Leary—Oh, its but a joke, just as you took it at first. I volunteer cheerfully to give the best whiskey to those who volunteer to drink it and to pay for it. (Goes.)

Kernan—(Aside.) Pretty shrewd, the old fellow! But he will surely let the cat out of the bag when I have a fair talk with him.

O'Leary—(Comes with John, carrying bottle and one glass.) Here is the best I have got, Mr. ——. Excuse, whom have I the honor to address?

Kernan—I am Kernan, agent of Lord Castlereagh. (O'Leary bows reverently.) But bring another glass for yourself, Mr. ——. What is your name?

O'Leary—(Bowing as before.) O'Leary, sir.

Kernan—A volunteer?

O'Leary—Of course, as I told you before; a volunteer to do all sorts of good to my honest customers.

Kernan—Pah! (Scouting.) In good earnest, bring another glass; let us drink together to the health and success of our volunteers. I am one of them, you know.

O'Leary—One of what? (Playing the fool.)

Kernan—Emmet's volunteers.

O'Leary—Emmet's volunteers? I don't understand you, sir.

Kernan—(Drinks—disappointed—aside.) Cleverly innocent! (To O'Leary.) But, man, let us be serious; Emmet himself sent me here to enlist in his band.

O'Leary—(Playing the fool.) What?

Kernan—(Gets up somewhat excited.) Oh! don't push things too far; you are surely one of his agents.

O'Leary—(Feigning astonishment and drawing back.) What do you say, sir?

Kernan—If you don't enlist me you lose the chance of one of the bravest patriots.

O'Leary—(As above) I really don't understand your meaning at all, at all.

Kernan—(Angry.) Don't play the fool any longer with me (pushing him to the wall.)

O'Leary—Oh, for pity's sake don't crush me.

Kernan—You cannot fool me. (Draws him to a seat.)

O'Leary—Me a fool! If you call me a fool, why, sir, I'll call you a liar. (Enter Darby.)

Darby—And I—(Puts left fist to Kernan's face and flourishes shillelah threateningly.)

Kernan—Oh! oh! Surely you are not going to have a quarrel here.

(Darby gnashes his teeth to him.) Well, well, good bye for the present. Here is your pay (throwing money on the table.) Ah! They shall have to deal with better men soon. The soldiers are nigh. They have caught Dowdall already; and they will have O'Leary soon. (All this while O'Leary and John take tray to cottage. Darby sits down.)

Darby (to O'Leary when he comes out). How are you, old stock?

O'Leary—Quite well, thank you, friend.

Darby—Is your name O'Leary?

O'Leary. (Angrily.) That's my name, sir. Have you anything to say against it?

Darby—Devil a word, man alive; so don't lose your temper. My name is Darby O'Gaff, an Irishman bred and born; and what's more I don't care a copper who knows it.

O'Leary—I have known many who professed the same principle; but regret to say, far different they have acted afterwards.

Darby—Bad luck to the likes of them. Well, it's an old saying and a true one, "There is always black sheep in a flock;" and it's myself that would wish no better sport (shaking his stick,) than to slader the conscious out of them.

O'Leary—You speak like a man after my own heart; yet I have paid dearly for my experience. Irishmen are too often led astray by placing confidence in strangers.

Darby—Faith, that's true enough, it's a great failing with the Pats telling the devil too much of their mind; however I have heard your character, Mr. O'Leary, and have no occasion to eat my words, so bring us a noggin of whiskey to sweep the cobwebs out of my throat.

O'Leary—With pleasure. (Exit into cottage.)

Darby—It's mighty hard, so it is, that a man's obliged to keep his tongue between his teeth for fear of some blackguard swallowing that which don't belong to him. Sure O'Leary's a man of larning, and understands the ways of the world.

(Re-enter O'Leary and John, with whiskey, places it on table)

That's right; a drop of the crater will stir me up like old cheese, for it's tired I am, intirely. (Drinks. Exit John.)

O'Leary—Have you journeyed far to-day?

Darby—I have that same, on the marrow-bone stage, (stamping his feet) from Dunlary to Dublin.

O'Leary—Indeed! What is the news?

Darby—The news, is it? Faith, there's all sorts of it. The redcoats are strutting about, and don't seem over asy about the affairs of the nation, and the people look at him wid a nod and a wink, which plainly shows that the Irish blood is in commotion, and they will soon have to whistle for their taxes.

O'Leary—Would to heaven, the hour had arrived. Old as I am, I'd grasp a sword in the cause of freedom.

Darby—More power to ye. (Grasping his hand.) May ye never die till the green banner waves in the breeze on Dublin Castle, and the boys of the sod knocks spots out of the British Lion.

O'Leary—Amen. But the sons of the Emerald Isle will have to drink deep of blood, before she can rise up in her ancient glory.

Darby—To the devil I pitch the glory; it's justice we want and jus-

tice we will have. I've made up my mind to pay no more taxes, and may I never hear of Vinegar Hill, the home of George Washington, if I don't play the drum on the heads of the tax gatherers with the patent drum sticks my father gave me. (Shaking his fists. Distant drum.) Eh! the spalpeens are coming this way. Faith, there's mischief brewing. (People hurry across and come forward in great fear.) What the devil's the matter with ye all, that your legs are running away with your bodies so fast?

Omnes—The soldiers are coming.

Darby—Bad luck to them, let them come; there's enough of us to dust their jackets, any how—the more we submit to the blackguards the more we may.

O'Leary—Go into the house, friends. I'm an old soldier, who for years witnessed the cruelty of the men we have to deal with in a foreign land.

Darby—Devil a step I'll move. (Flourishing stick.) Here's a piece of black thorn that belonged to my grandfather before he was born, and I'll go bail that I'll slader the skulls of any man of them who dares to say black is the white of my eye.

O'Leary—Take my advice. I beg that you will all go into the house.

Omnes—Yes, yes, let's go into the house.

Darby—Well, well, I would n't for the world offend you, Mr. O'Leary; but remember if the bog trotters come with any of their nonsense, Darby O'Gaff's at your elbow. (Exeunt into cottage. O'Leary sits at table. Drum.)

(Enter Sergeant Topfall with soldiers, and Dowdall, a prisoner, his arms pinioned behind him. Comes down.)

Serg.—Halt, men. (Soldiers stack guns.) (To O'Leary.) Well, landlord, you're taking it easy. However, there's nothing like it when you can do it on the square. We have had a tolerable stiff march, and I must confess that your Irish miles are plagued long ones; and I was duced glad to see the smoke curling through the trees from your tavern. You don't appear over courteous in welcoming us, Are you a friend or a foe?

O'Leary—(Rising.) A friend always to the oppressed, and a foe to the oppressor.

Serg.—Come, come, mind what you say; my authority is not to be trifled with when I ask a question as a sergeant in the king's service. I demand a direct answer; are you a loyal subject—a friend to your country?

O'Leary—Look at the scar on my forehead. I received it fighting for my country.

Serg.—Be direct in your replies, or it may be worse for you.

O'Leary—Am I to be insulted without cause at the threshold of my own door? My grey hairs should, at least, command some respect even from British soldiers!

Darby—(Peeping from window in cottage:) The devil roast the lot of them, and it's myself that would like to be the cook. By St. Patrick I'd baste them well with the dripping.

Serg.—Well, I don't want to annoy you; but we are hungry and

must have something to eat. (To soldiers.) Come, boys, let's see what the old man's larder contains.

O'Leary. (Stopping him.) Stop, friend; this cottage I inherited from my good old father, and the land we now stand on was his birth-right, and, old as I am, I defy you or any other man entering its door without my consent!

Serg.—O, very well; I see you want me to make use of my authority. You may be a bold fellow—

O'Leary—I am an honest man.

Serg.—Then why refuse to give hungry men something to eat?

Darby. (At window,) You lie, you ghost of a lobster; an Irishman never denies the bite and the sup either to friend or enemy. The old man only wants that which costs nothing—civility—and by my soul, I'll batter your skull if you don't give it to him!

Serg.—Insult to the king's troops! Men, go in and bring that fellow out.

O'Leary. (Interposing.) No, no; he's but a poor country boy, and don't comprehend the meaning of our conversation. Such as my poor cottage affords is freely at your service. Sit down and I will bring you some refreshments.

Serg.—Then, quick, march, Mr. Landlord, I have no desire to have a row; but eating is the word. (Exit *O'Leary* into cottage.) We must look after our stomachs.

Darby. (At window, aside.) Bedad but I'll give you the fill of your stomachs before I'm done with you, and something on your backs in the bargain.

Serg. (Takes the letter from his belt—glancing over it.) There's treason in every word of this letter and signed Robert Emmet. (To *Dowdall*.) Can you tell me, prisoner, who this Robert Emmet is?

Dowdall—A man.

Serg.—Well, I didn't imagine that he was a woman. I distinctly asked you who he is?

Dowdall—An Irishman.

Serg.—Say rather a traitor, who has been scattering the seeds of rebellion through the country.

Dowdall—He is no traitor, sir. I know him to be a just and honorable man, that loves his native soil—a true patriot, who has ventured his all to rescue a groaning people from the base English aristocracy.

Darby. (At window, aside.) Long life to ye, my bold fellow.

Serg.—I don't know anything about the aristocracy. Soldiers never pretend to know anything but the orders issued by their superior officers.

(Re-enter *O'Leary* and *John*, with tray, bottles and bread and meat. Places it on table)

O'Leary—There is the best my humble roof can afford. Shall I give something to your prisoner?

Serg.—Don't trouble yourself. (Eating with soldiers.) Mr. Landlord, self-preservation is the first law of nature; after we are done will be time enough. The prisoner has given me nothing but saucy answers since he has been in my charge; one good turn deserves another.

Darby. (At window aside.) That's true; one good turn deserves another, and, by the hole in my coat, I'll do one for you before you're aware of it (Leaves window.)

O'Leary—This may be the English way of treating the unfortunate, but— (Enter Darby from cottage. Puts his hand over his mouth.)

Darby. (Aside.) Easy—I'll show the spalpeens a trick!

O'Leary. (Pushing Darby away.) I will speak my mind, come what may; it's against the laws of nature and humanity for men who profess to be Christians to eat and drink and not give a mouthful to a fellow creature, although a prisoner. The food is mine, and was purchased by honest industry. I insist that the prisoner partake of a share! (During the above Darby beckons on the peasantry, who, by his instructions, take possession of the soldiers' guns and release Dowdall.)

Serg.—O, if you're inclined to bluster, I must put a stopper on your mouth; don't go for to think that I'll put up with any nonsense. (Rising.) Men, seize that old rascal!

Darby—On to them, boys. Old Ireland forever! (Music. Soldiers start up, Sergeant seizes O'Leary, Darby knocks him down, soldiers rush up for guns, are met by Dowdall and peasants, fight, Darby knocks one down after the other, till soldiers are overpowered. Tableaux. Scene closes)

A C T I I .

SCENE 1.—Maria's Home Again. Table and chair. Maria sitting.

Maria—Yes, dear Robert, whatever thy fate may be, I shall share it with thee. Where may he be now? Alas! his desperate struggle is fraught with danger. Last night I had such dreams! (Rises.) Methought I heard him shouting freedom through the Capital to weeping Ireland; then came a buzz of mingling sounds with the clash of arms. The green banner floated in the breeze. Ten thousand tongues proclaimed aloud: "Robert Emmet, the champion! Ireland is free!" My heart beat with radiant hope in my proud breast; I knelt in prayer. But the bright vision vanished; the scene was changed; a river of blood appeared; crimsoned waves lashed and foamed; and there, upon the gory tide, I saw a form as if mangled by savage beasts! "Twas Emmet! (Buries her face in her hands. Enter Judy, running.)

Judy—Och, mistress dear, he's come, he's come! May he live forever, for the sake of my blessed old mother; for, he's going to marry the daughter, and that's myself!

Maria—What mean you?

Judy—Faith, it's my own dear darling, Darby O'Gaff.

Maria—Invite your friend in, Judy, and make him welcome.

Judy—Faith, and he's rubbing his brogues at the door, like a real gentleman. (Calling.) Come in Darby, jewel. (Enter Darby, with a letter.)

Darby—(Bowing awkwardly.) Beg your pardon, ma'am; I'm here, ma'am; Judy called me, ma'am.

Maria—I requested her to do so.

Darby—Thank'ee, ma'am; may the blessings of good living be wide, and bad times never come within smelling distance of your ladyship.

If you plase, here's a small trifle of a letter for your good-looking self. (Bowing, gives letter.)

Maria—Ah, it's from Emmet. Thank you, Mr. O'Gaff. Judy, take him down to the kitchen and give him some refreshments. (Exeunt. She opens letter, goes to table and sits down, to read. Bell rings—she stops and looks.)

Judy—(Rushing in.) A gentleman, a friend of Mr. Emmet's, he says, wants to see you. (Kernan follows.) Oh, he is here already. In my hurry to wait upon poor Darby, I left the door ajar, and he came in at once. Pardon; I go now. (Exit.)

Maria—(Rises, holding letter.) You? Here? Now?

Kernan—Pardon me, Miss Kernan.

Maria—(Angrily.) Well, what do you want?

Kernan—Oh! please do not look upon me so angrily. Bestow upon me but a glance of your-sweet, charming—

Maria—(Interrupting.) I am not fond of flattery.

Kernan—It is no flattery when it comes from one who is just about giving a new proof of his disinterestedness and of the sincerity of his love.

Maria—I can not allow such allusions, sir. If you have a serious business to transact, or a favor to ask, speak at once, and don't interrupt me any longer from attending to my correspondence.

Kernan—Please, Madam, sit down and read calmly your letters, I can help you to attend better to your correspondence, by what I have to say to you afterwards. (Maria reads.) (Kernan says aside.) How lucky I was to come at this moment.)

Maria—(She lays on table letter, holding her left hand upon it.) Well, sir, what have you to communicate to me?

Kernan—Please first to tell me where I could find Mr. Emmet for a private interview. I suppose he tells you his whereabouts in that letter?

Maria—That is none of your business.

Kernan—It is, madam. I joined his volunteers and discovered that some of his moves may prove fatal; I want to warn him.

Maria—And he warns me to beware of you. (Sneering, she rises, still holding letter with her left hand on the table.)

Kernan—(Rises too.) Oh! jealousy makes him act so; it is a great pity. (Kneels, taking hold of Maria's righthand, drawing her down and trying to make her lose hold of the paper.) Oh, for your own sake, pray procure to me an interview with him. (He draws her more down and tries to get hold of the letter.)

Maria—(Screams.) Oh, wretch! (Excited, she runs out to call, and forgets the letter on the table, which Kernan seizes and reads quickly.)

Kernan—Ah! the password "Liberty," the place "No. 40 Patrick street." (Puts letter in his pocket.)

Maria—(Coming back affrighted.) Oh, my letter! my God! he has got it. (Darby enters and Judy.) Expel that thief; get my letter out of his pocket. (Darby takes him by the shoulders; Judy takes paper from his pocket; Darby kicks him out doors; Maria goes to her seat and writes a few lines.)

Maria—Darby, Mr. O'Gaff, quick, please run and give this note to Mr. Dowdall; you know where he is.

Darby—In a giffy. (Runs off.)

SCENE 2—The Inn Again. (O'Leary and Dowdall sit outside on a bench.)

O'Leary—I tell you, the more I consider Mr. Emmet's plans, the more I like and admire them. Oh! If such a plan had been conceived and carried out in '78!

Dowdall—Heretofore, people were too prejudiced and clannish. They also feared the government too much, as children do their father's rod. Then, they always lacked boldness and determination.

O'Leary—Ah! nothing like a sudden good blow. It stuns the enemy down at once powerless. By the by, let's have a drink. We have a hard time before us. John, (calls) bring whiskey!

John—(Brings the whiskey.) And may it do you all sorts of good. (Pours some for himself, too.) Long life to— (raising glass.)

O'Leary—Don't say to anything, (some one might make mischief out of it.)

John—Oh! no harm in saying (raising the glass) long life to our stomach. (They laugh.)

O'Leary—Go, go, now. Well, Dowdall, if our present attempt should fail through some mishap—God forbid it!—I really think that, at any other time, to obtain freedom for Ireland, Robert Emmet's plan will be the only successful one. Take the Capital after a careful preparation throughout the country, and the provinces will at once burst out and raise the standard of victorious liberty! (Strikes the table, making the glasses jingle.)

Dowdall—Keep cool, Miles. But really I think so too. And now, let us take a review of our work, before we go on.

O'Leary—(Taking paper out of his pocket, looks cautiously around. John is seen at the door, seemingly spying.) Take the glasses away, John, and go about your business inside.

John—Very well, very well, sir. (He quaffs in haste a drink of whisky.)

O'Leary—Here is the list of my recruits. (Giving paper.)

Dowdall—Here is mine. (They look over each other's paper silently for a while.) Why, Miles, you have the flower of the young gentry of Dublin; and—let me see—(reckons) nearly one thousand strong young men! (Strikes his shoulder.) And—what do I see?—Thomas Russel, too!

O'Leary—A military man of experience is needed to lead to victory those young men. (John is seen peeping at the door, and hiding, again and again, during the conversation.) And I see that you have all the bravest old volunteers of '78. (Looking at Dowdall's paper.) Ah! we shall have the best pikers of Wexford and Wicklow.

Dowdall—And to-morrow, sir, after those pikers and the rest will be within sudden notice from us, the principal bridges of the roads behind them will be destroyed, and Dublin shall have no mail coaches from those directions.

O'Leary—That is capital! And now, you know Emmet's great invention, the log bombs: my brother in-law, Kennedy, and Howley, the carpenter you sent me from your village, have filled them all with explosives and stones, and have hauled them and disposed them near the houses where Kennedy has contracts, and they will be there ready to be thrown across the streets to impede the march of the enemy's troops.

Dowdall—Poor Emmet, he has already spent the greatest part of his patrimony in providing pikes, and all such armaments.

O'Leary—Why, friend, he has also purchased the 2,000 pistols and 300 blunderbusses, which we have distributed. I wonder how he could afford such expenses?

Dowdall—(In low tone) Miss Curran gives him a great deal of money. A brave Irish girl! A true lover! (Kernan appears in the back of the scene.)

O'Leary—(They turn around, and pocket their papers.) It seems as if somebody is lurking around.

Darby—(Jumps in, singing.) Happy to meet ye. Jist wanted ye.

Dowdall—(Reassured.) Oh it is only our frolic friend Darby. What news Darby? (He looks around too as if he heard somebody, and goes back and around where Kernan had appeared.)

Darby—Any spalpeen around here to knock down? (John come out.) Have you got a goat, Mr. O'Leary? (runs to John with shillela—John disappears.) Look here now (mysteriously.) Here is a genteel little 'pistle from the lady where Judy is. (He smells it.) Oh what a sweet perfume those dear fingers left on it!

Dowdall—(Reads it to O'Leary.) "Kernan intercepted a letter from Emmet to me and read some of it; though we snatched it out his pocket afterwards."

Darby—(With great pride) I did that! (He runs up again around to watch against intruders.)

Dowdall—(Reads again.) "He knows now the place where you are to meet this evening with Mr. Emmet, as well as the pass-word. Beware, and inform Mr. Emmet quick." I'll go at once to inform him and get another pass-word and notify it around. (John appears from time to time.)

O'Leary—And I go at once to remove everything from that depot to the other in Marshalsea lane. Notify them so. (John heard this.)

Darby—The lady wished me also to tell you not to come to sleep there to-night, as it won't be safe. Tho' I'll be there to save my future father-in-law, even from a regiment of sogers! (proudly.)

O'Leary—Let us be off, quick!

Darby—Quick, Darby, to Judy's again. (Jumps and flourishes shillela.)

Kernan—(Who comes down stealthily and joins John, who did the same from Inn.) What is the place of meeting? (mysteriously.)

John—In Marshalsea Lane.

Kernan—What number? And the pass-word?

John—They did not mention the number; and they have gone for a new pass-word. But never mind. By that time I'll know all. You will see me near the entrance. Only look out for me. (He stretches hand for money—Kernan gives some. [Exeunt.]

SCENE 3.—A kitchen in Maria's house—fireplace with kettle full of water—A petticoat, cloak, bonnet and cap hanging on nails—a table and stools—A jug—rope hanging near the door—Judy is at table making paste for pies—bowl of flour on the table.

Judy—What a mess! I don't understand anything at all, at all. But my head is so full of my Darby that I cannot think of any thing else. Och! och! [Cries.] What may have become of him now? [She wipes her eyes with hands stained with flour and stains her face.] And my poor mistress is just gone out, distracted, after her Emmet, and here I am all alone. [Cries, etc.]

Darby—[Knocks at door.] Judy!

Judy—Here he is at last. [Runs to open door.]

Darby—[Puffing.] I have run so much. [Throws himself on stool.] Quick, Judy, dear, a little of the cratur, or I'll die of consumption. [Judy brings jug. He drinks from it.] Poh! poh! [Laughing] Judy, you have got whiskers. Have you become a man? [Heavy knocks at the door.]

Judy—Perhaps mistress forgot the key. [She goes to the door, wiping her face with apron—opens, screams, soldiers appear and rush in, Darby hides under the table.]

Serg.—We must search the house, girl.

Judy—Nobody in, sir.

Serg.—[Takes her by the hand.] Come, show us all the apartments. [They all go. Darby dresses up in woman's clothes and sits near the fireplace, &c.]

Darby—I am a broth of a boy that will fix the sogers.

Judy—[With soldiers coming.] Faith, you'd find no one here but my brother.

Darby—Och! murder! Judy, you devil, its your mother I am—whist!

Judy—[Pointing to Darby.] There, Mister Soldier, didnt I tell you there was no one here but my mother?

Serg.—Why, you told me your brother was here.

Judy—It's my mother I mint to say.

Serg.—Brother—mother—well, they do sound very much alike.

Judy—Yes sir, the poor old soul called to give me her blessing.

Serg.—You have been indulging the old woman with whiskey and peck at your master's expense.

Darby—[Aside.] Take care that I don't pack you.

Judy—Sure, you wouldnt have me send the poor old erature away without the bite and the sup.

Serg.—O, of course not. We will follow the old woman's example—and take a bite and sup—eh lads? Ha, ha, ha! [Soldiers laugh.]

Darby—(Aside.) Be dad? I'll make you laugh the wrong side of your mouths presently.

Serg.—Bring out some whiskey, and the best victuals you have in the house.

Darby—(Rising.) Exactly. Give the gentlemen some whiskey, Judy; and I'll help ye to spread the table.

Serg.—Well done, old woman! Make her stir her stumps.

Darby—(Aside.) Yes: and I'll stir your stumps before you're out of this house. (Judy gets drink from closet; Darby brings bread and meat, which they place on table; soldiers eat and drink.

Serg.—Eat away, lads; it's uncommonly good; the whiskey is capital.

Darby—You admire the flavor of it?

Serg.—Decidedly. Better I never tasted.

Darby. (Aside.) I'll give you something tasty by and by.

Judy. (Aside.) What are you going to do, Darby, dear?

Darby. (Aside.) Pay them the old score, for ill treating one of our countrymen the other day.

Serg.—Some more whiskey, young woman; it's excellent. We can't refuse another bumper apiece—eh, lads?

Omnès—Yes, yes; another bumper.

Darby. (Aside.) Bumpers? If ye don't behave yourselves you'll get plumpers from Darby O'Gaff. (Judy brings another bottle of whiskey; Darby goes and brings the rope.)

Serg. (Fills glasses.) Well, lads, here's confusion to all rebellious subjects. (All drink.) Ha, ha, ha! That's a good toast.

Darby. (Aside.) It will be better when I butter your toast for you.

Serg. (Getting tipsy.) Come, young woman, you and your mother can drink that sentiment.

Judy—Sure, myself nor mother won't drink anything just now.

Serg. (Rising, staggers.) Well, if you don't drink, give me a kiss. (Judy runs to Darby.)

Darby--Just keep your distance, Mr. Puddinghead, or I'll slap you across the jaw.

Serg.—Don't give us any of your impudence, old woman; we are lords and masters here. (Staggering.) Come and give me a kiss, Molly, or whatever your name is. (Advancing. Darby takes up bowl of flour throws it into their faces; they stagger against the table, sneezing; Darby very quickly takes rope, throws it over sergeant and soldiers; it being in a loop, draws them all on to the table; Darby lays on them with stick; Judy runs to fire and throws contents of pot over soldiers, who shout and struggle. Tableau. Scene closes.)

SCENE 4.—Depot in Marshalsea Lane—(Pikes stacked—John, as porter, stands at the door—A number of young men follow, some of whom go for their pikes and form a line—Last comes Kieran, dressed like the rest, and takes a pike and mixes up in the line with the others—Immediately after enter O'Leary, Dowdall and Emmet, with three more, representing Russell, Kennedy and Howley—Emmet carries papers under his arms, which he has taken out of his pocket when he entered—The latter all go to the table, down center, upon which Emmet displays papers, one of which is large, intended to be a map of Dublin—Kieran manages to take a place near the table.)

Emmet—Gentlemen and Fellow Patriots, the time has come for final action. It is well for us this evening to revise carefully our plans of operation, weigh them well, and agree upon every article. This paper contains the order of every move, with the part that every one has to act. This other is the map of the city, in which the route is marked for our every step, with the places or posts from which each is to emerge,

when the signal is given, and rush on to the point of attack—the Castle. Let us agree well upon all this at this meeting. To-morrow evening, our last rally here, will be our parting with each other for every one's destination and action. The day after to-morrow— (Knocks at the door.)

John. (Loud.) Who is there? (They all turn toward the door.)

Darby. (Outside.) Twenty-third of July! (The new password.)

John—I don't know your voice. (Comes down to the table.) He knows the password, but he might be a spy for all that. It is the voice of a stranger to our meetings.

Emmet—(To Dowdall.) Please to go and see to the matter yourself. (He goes with John.)

Dowdall—Who is there? (At the door.)

Darby—Don't ye know yer Darby?

Dowdall—The key, John. I know the man. (John fumbles with the keys, and delays.) Quick, sir. (Snatches the key and opens. Darby enters hastily and holds the door.)

Darby. (To John.) I'm a stranger and a spy? (Knocks the shillela over him.) Thou art the real spy. (He takes John by the neck and kicks him out doors.) Go, with the other goats. (Dowdall locks and comes down with Darby.)

O'Leary--And to think that I had that fellow in my own house as servant!

Darby—But there are other spies here. [He goes furiously around, looking on the face of every pikeman. When he comes to Kernan he stops and puts the shillela's point to his breast. Kernan turns the pike to pierce Darby; but Darby seizes it, and a struggle ensues, at which Darby snatches the pike, throws it away and, collaring Kernan, brings him down before the table.]

All—Kernan!—a traitor.

Emmet. [To Kernan.] Villain! [To the rest.] What must be his doom?

All—Death! Death! [They point the pikes to him. Tableau.]

Emmet—Friends, what did the great American say when the British Major Andre was convicted as a spy? "Let him be kept in prison and live to see our triumph." So say I. Let us not commence the salvation of Ireland by the effusion of blood, even of such a vile traitor like this. Confine him in this basement and punish him with the spectacle of our banner floating on the Castle. Dowdall, please to take him down and appoint custodians over him.

Dowdall—Come, Darby, you are the man to take care of him. [They take him down by the trap. He picks one of the pikemen.] This man will relieve thee at times to be arranged between yourselves.

Darby. (To Dowdall.) Thankee; I must go sometimes to see Judy and the other lady. [Sits on the trap.]

Emmet—Now let us attend to our business. [They sit around the table, and pikemen take their position around.] The plan [looking at paper occasionally] consists in taking by surprise the Castle, whilst the Pigeon House, the bridge, the Royal Barracks, and the old Custom House Barracks are simultaneously attacked. You know, at each of these places a very small force is kept, which twenty or twenty-five of our volunteers can easily manage. Colonel Lum, Malachy Delaney,

[pointing to some of the pikemen,] John Hevey and Felix O'Rourke will lead the above four columns, formed and started from our old depot in Patrick street [pointing on the map.] The rest of our Dublin force will, in small parties, gradually gather at Redmond's, O'Leary's inn, and at Quigley's. There, you, Mr. O'Leary, will attend to arm them well and take their command. Dowdall will bring in all the reinforcements from the country, and supply them with the arms and ammunition gathered there, [pointing on the map.] Lieutenant Russell you shall have the command in general, with orders to be given early in the evening. Mr. Kennedy and Howell will please to attend to put on the streets and fire the mined logs according as needed to obstruct such cavalry and infantry that may pursue us. I, friends, will fight my way ahead of you all, carrying our banner, and, treading on the bodies that I'll slay before my march, will hoist it on the Castle! [full of enthusiasm.] What do you say to all this?

All—All is perfect.

Emmet—Do you, then, all agree to the part allotted to you?

All—We all agree.

Emmet—Let, then, this night and all the day to-morrow go in preparing things. To-morrow evening, at 9 o'clock, at the signal given, we'll all fly each to his own task. The 23d of July, 1803, will be a memorable day in history.

O'Leary—But what will be the signal, and who will give it?

Emmet—Just at ten minutes before the clock of the castle tower strikes nine, two torches will shine at the highest window of the Castle, held in her hands by a lady who has secured and purchased at a great price access to the place. Her name is Maria Curran.

All—Brave and true Irish lady.

Darby. [From over the trap.] Long live the ladies! [Shouts and flourishes the shillela.]

Emmet—Au revoir, then, on to-morrow evening, just for an informal meeting.

All—Au revoir! To-morrow evening! [They shake hands.] Long live Robert Emmet!

Darby—(Jumping and making an immense fuss.) Long live! Long live! Hurrah! [Takes his stand on the trap, &c. Tableau.]

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—The Depot in Marshalsea Lane. (John and a pikeman at the trap, which they open.)

John—Mr. Kernan! (Calling.)

Kernan—Hello! What has happened? (Scrambling up from trap.)

John—This man, who was custodian here with that devil of a Darby, let me in, and has now opened the trap for you. But he wants a good pay for it.

Kernan—Ho! ho! (Tries to run away. They take hold of him and put him down again in the trap, roughly.) Well, (from inside the trap) I have not much money here with me, but let me out and I will give you all you want.

John—Give all you have now, and promise to give each five guineas to-morrow.

Kernan—Well, here—(Gives money to each.) Now, let me out, and I promise you everything you like. (They let him out after having searched his pockets.)

John—Now, I must go, too, before they meet. It's near time. (The pikeman closes trap, then the door.)

Darby. (Knocks at the door. The man goes there.) Darby, sir. (From outside. The man opens. Darby enters.) Haouf! (Puffing as if he had run.) Perhaps I staid too long. That dear little darlin! It was hard to lave her, not to see her again for a long time, probably. (Takes the keys from the man.) Now at my shepherdship again. (Knocks at the door. Darby runs to it.) Who is there?

O'Leary, } —Friends.
Dowdall, }

Darby—Oh! I know the voices. (Opens. They enter.) The blessing of the Lord upon ye! (O'Leary and Dowdall go down and sit near the table. Darby sits at the trap as before.)

O'Leary—I hope we shall have better luck than at the insurrection of '98. Alas, I lost my children, wife and home then. Ah! poor Fitzgerald! Oh, that I had been able to save him! But I, myself, had afterwards to become an exile, and flee to France almost a beggar.

Dowdall—We had hard times enough, indeed. Enough to enure us to every eventuality that may now befall us.

O'Leary—The day of the seige of Limerick we fought from daylight till dark; it was a terrible slaughter. The choicest troops of England flew before the fury of the multitude; but they soon received reinforcements. I was carried, wounded, to Wexford. Thousands shed their blood and went to their long home. The English hurled destruction upon the helpless peasantry, as they returned to Dublin. They spared neither church nor cottage. My house was burnt, my wife and children slain by the brutal soldiers. When I recovered from the effects of my wound on all sides I saw one vast blank of misery. Thus the rebellion was silenced; but it is not over. From that hour it lived in this bosom. Let me but have retribution this time and I die content. (Knocks at the door.)

Darby—Who is there?

Emmet—Leader.

Darby. (Opens.) Welcome, sir. (Bows awkwardly. Emmet goes down. O'Leary and Dowdall shake hands.)

Emmet—Do you think Lieutenant Russell and the other friends will come?

O'Leary—I do not, sir. They are all too busy. We, ourselves, must soon be at our work, and can hardly spend any time here.

Emmet—My soul expands at the prospect of seeing soon our green isle liberated and soaring like a Phœnix from the ashes of her thralldom. My friends, I have all confidence in you all; and I scarcely see any need of detaining you here in mere conversation when you all are ready for action.

Darby. (Calling out loud.) I have been smelling at this trap, and I feel no scent of our bird. (They all look up.)

Dowdall—Open the trap and see. (Darby does so. Looks down.)

Darby—Horney man! Ohe! (Goes down and comes up.) Faix he's not there. The devil must have taken him away to his right place. (Pointing down.)

Emmet—He must have run away! The work of another traitor! (They all go up. Dowdall takes Darby by the arm as if he suspected him.)

O'Leary—Have you become a traitor, like John?

Darby. (Throws down shillela, scratches and pulls his hair in despair; cries, then, as if struck by a sudden thought, strikes with the palm of his hand his forehead, and runs to the pikeman, takes him by the throat.) This man is certainly the traitor. (They all go to him.) Hold him. (He searches his pockets. Pulls out money.) There, there is the proof. I had just gone for a few minutes to eat a bite and see Judy, leaving him alone with the bird. (At this moment soldiers pull open the door with the butts of their guns and enter, headed by Topfall and Kernan. (Emmet, O'Leary and Dowdall run each for a pike, and take a stand of defense. Darby flourishes shillela. Tableau.)

Topfall—It is all of no use against us.

Kernan—Behold, now, who triumphs?

(His soldiers surround the three. Point bayonets toward them. The three oppose pikes. Topfall and Kernan draw pistols and so do two other soldiers, whilst the others keep bayonets down upon them. Tableau.)

Kernan—Surrender! The streets are lined with other soldiers.

Emmet—Surrender? Never. Liberty or death! (Draws pistol.)

O'Leary—Mr. Emmet, spare your life. Things may turn out right yet.

Dowdall—Darby, run, give the alarm. (Darby runs away. The others lay down their arms. They are surrounded and pinioned. Tableau.)

SCENE 2.—Street.

Darby—Och, Och! What shall I do? I cannot find any of the men. (Runs up and down.) How dear we pay for my snug supper with Judy. (Judy appears.) Och, Och! Just in time to give me some consolation.

Judy—I was just running to find ye. We heard of the hellababoo. Mistress is distracted. Where is her Beau?

Darby—Caged, caged! Och, och!

Judy—You got safe, without scratches? (Examines him all around.)

Darby—I'm still your poor Darby, whole and whole. (Stretching his arms, then crying.)

Judy—Well, don't be so disconsolate, as long as you brought your skin safe out of the scrimmage.

Darby—Poor Emmet! Poor whiskey man! and my poor future father-in-law! (Crying)

Judy—Oh, they may be liberated by the people.

Darby—If that were true, bedad, I'll murder all the world, and drown myself for joy.

Judy—Don't go out of your sinses, Darby. Listen, jewel. Let us get out of all this trouble at once.

Darby—How?

Judy—Let's go to 'Merica.

Darby. (Jumps.) And get married? I'll walk all the way there.

Judy—No, no. I'll pay for a ship. I've got plenty of money—nine pounds in gold.

Darby—I'll go and burn my old cabin at once.

Judy—Don't be crazy. Let us first see the end of this trouble and then go.

Darby—Yes; let us go. (Exeunt.)

SCENE 3.—Prison. Emmet discovered reading a book.

Emmet—Death! Well, what is death after all? We see it daily; it is a sleep of mortality that never wakes; it is the parting of soul and body; the first gives up its tenement, and the last yields itself to the worms. But, ah! the scaffold! To quit life with a stain, and that stain pressed there by the tools of power, backed by the police of a base government! But I can meet my Maker, the King of kings, with a smile. Ah! Ireland, thy hour has not yet come. Groan on, weeping nation, till the day dawns upon the downfall of thy masters. For that day must come. (He gapes, becoming sleepy.) I am getting sleepy. I'll rest awhile. (Gapes. Throws himself on the pallet.) Yes, I think—the day will—come. (Falls asleep. Slowly a tableau comes on in a circle of light, with Daniel O'Connell, who, in solemn, hollow voice, says:)

D. O'Connell—Yes, young man, the day will come when the redemption of Ireland, that thou so vehemently desirest, will come. But such is the will of Almighty God, that it may come only by degrees. I am destined to effect a part of it within fifty years hence. My co-religionists, whom you and other patriots have somewhat slighted, shall be emancipated by me from the penal laws that now oppress them. But I shall die without accomplishing the repeal of the Union. Thy present sacrifice will pave the way to my work. (Disappears.)

Emmet. (Awaking gradually.) What a strange dream! Then I am to be sacrificed? Well, if the dream is to be a reality, I am ready for the sacrifice, were it only to relieve, in part, the sufferings of my countrymen. (Gapes, gets asleep again gradually.)

(Another tableau, representing on one side a crowd, some one in it holding a placard, with the words "Land League," and on the other side Parnell, addressing them thus:

Parnell—In 1803 Robert Emmet died a martyr for our cause. His blood cries vengeance against our oppressors and pleads for us. Let us add to that pleading our own sacrifices, and crown his and our aspirations with final success.

The Crowd—Amen. (Tableau passes off.)

Emmet. (Awaking.) Another dream! But oh, how awful! Am I then, really to die? (Gets up.) Well, if it be so, let me die. Martyrs' blood is always useful to their cause. (John, as jailor, introduces Maria, taking money from her. She is dressed in black and covered overhead with a black veil.) Do I dream again? (Rubs his eyes.) No dream now. Who art thou?

Maria. (Throws aside her veil.) Robert! Robert! (Falls on his bosom.)

Emmet—O woman, devoted woman! In the shepherd's happy cot

she is the creature of fancy, overcome by the breeze of twilight or the fragrance of a rose. But rouse her affections in the hour of adversity, and she possesses more firmness than man can boast of.

Maria—Nay, I am weak now, dear Robert. My mind has been sad. This is the day of your trial. I gazed from my casement this morning, where we so often sat and watched the budding blossoms in the green bower, and the sky shooting to and fro with infant playfulness and clouds of gold. The whole horizon blushed, and the god of day, in his imperial car, leaped from his eastern couch, and seemed like a messenger of peace. The crowds that throng the court, and even the stern Lord Norbury, whose hands are dyed in Irish blood, appeared unclouded by a frown. Robert, you will be acquitted, and the universal voice of Irishmen will hail the patriot's liberty.

Emmet—Thou hast a sanguine heart, and I would like to live for thee. Dost thou remember the conversation we had the day before we parted last?

Maria—Yes, Robert; we spoke of another land.

Emmet—True. I would go now and seek a home there with thee. There, many an outcast from Hibernia's shore enjoys the privilege their native land denies. How many noble spirits, friends of the brave Fitzgerald, dwell in that happy republic, that each day rises in her young might, a model for the world! (Enter John—bows respectfully.)

John—My lady, you must depart. Mr. Emmet is summoned for trial. The guards wait without.

Emmet—Go, my love; we shall soon know the worst.

Maria. (Weeps.) Hope deserts me now.

Emmet—Go, dearest; be firm, I beseech thee.

Maria—May the great Power above be thy defender. (They embrace. Exit Emmet between the soldiers. Maria looks firm, but cries. Kernan enters.)

Kernan. (To jailor, giving him bribe.) Allow me to say a few words of consolation to the lady. I'll see her home afterwards.

Maria. (Shuddering.) You, again? (with scorn) what do you want from me now?

Kernan—To save you from disgrace and misery, now inevitable.

Maria—Better to suffer misery and disgrace and death, than to be saved by one like you, monster.

Kernan—Calm yourself; come with me; be to me the idol that I adored from youth.

Maria—Never; were I to starve and to die on the scaffold with my only idol—Emmet.

Kernan—Think of the disgrace that will now fall upon you, after his ignominious death. All, in Dublin, know of your attachment to him.

Maria—Ignominous death, you say? Say glorious death. There is no disgrace in it, nor will any fall on me, either. His name and mine will be immortal.

Kernan—Please, Maria, (she shudders scornfully.) Please view things in their reality and not in their poetry. Come with me; we shall go and enjoy in foreign lands the comforts that my wealth can now afford.

Maria—Odious being! After having accumulated wealth sacrificing by treachery and villainy the life of one who is my life, after

murdering me with him, you dare hope that I can live with you? love you? Madness!

Kernan. Quick. (Attempts to take her hand.) Have pity on me and on yourself.

Maria—Begone! (He tries to seize her—she screams—he lets her loose. Jailor appears.)

Kernan—She won't be reasonable. Take her home yourself. (She rushes away from both.)

A C T I V.

SCENE 1.—(Interior of the Session House, Dublin; soldiers are around; the jury arranged; the judge, Lord Norbury, is seated; Baron George, and Baron Daly on his sides. Emmet in prisoner's box, so placed that he faces the audience.)

Norbury. (To jury.) If you are satisfied of this man's guilt you must discharge your duty to your king and to your country. Gentlemen of the jury, I shall not detain you long. You have already heard, on two occasions, the witnesses against him; nor has one appeared in his favor. According to the evidence you must find him guilty. Will you retire, or are your minds made up?

Foreman of the Jury—We, the jury, find the prisoner guilty.

Norbury—Prisoner, what have you to say why judgment of death should not be awarded against you according to law?

Emmet—My lords, I have nothing to say that can alter your pre-determination; but I have much to say why my reputation should be freed from the load of false accusations and calumny. I have no hope that I can change my character in the breast of a court constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and it is the utmost I expect, that your lordships may not suffer my name to go to posterity tainted by the foul breath of prejudice. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port—when my shade shall have joined the band of those martyred heroes, who have shed their blood on the scaffold—or on the field—in defense of their country and of virtue, this is my hope, that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its dominion by blasphemy of the Great Judge on High—a government steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows, which it has made.

Norbury—The mean and wicked enthusiasts who felt as you do, were not equal to the accomplishment of their wild design!

Emmet—I appeal to the Maker of all, I swear by the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear, by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me, that my conduct through all this peril, has been governed only by the conviction I have uttered; and I confidently and assuredly hope that there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noble enterprise!

Norbury—I do not sit here to hear treason.

Emmet—I have always understood that judges think it their duty to hear with patience, and to speak with humanity. Where is the boasted freedom of your institutions? Where the vaunted impartiality, clemency and mildness of your courts of justice, if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy, and not your justice, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated? You, my lord, are a judge. I am the supposed culprit. I am a man, you are a man also. By a revolution of power we might change places, though we never could change characters. If I stand at the bar of this court, and dare to vindicate my character, how dare you to calumniate it? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence, but whilst I exist, I will make the best use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honor and love, and for whom I am proud to perish!

Norbury—Silence, and hear the sentence of the law.

Emmet—Why, then, did your lordship insult me, or rather insult justice in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced against me? I know, my lord, that form prescribes that you should ask the question. Now the form implies the right of answering. This may be dispensed with; so might the whole ceremony of the trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the Castle before your jury was empanelled. But I insist on the whole of the forms!

Norbury—Go on, sir!

Emmet—It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country. I am charged with being an emissary of France. No such thing! My ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country; not in power nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement. Were the French to come as invaders or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Ah! my country was my idol; to it I sacrificed every selfish, every daring sentiment, and for it I now offer up my life. I see you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim. It circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which the mighty Maker created for nobler purposes, but which you are bent to destroy. I have but a few more words to say. I am going to my cold and silent home; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have one request to ask at my departure from this world. Let no man write my epitaph. As you cannot appreciate my motives, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth; then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done!

Norbury—I must now perform the painful duty that devolves upon me. You have been convicted of treason. But let me exhort you not to depart this life with such sentiments of rooted hostility to your king!

Emmet. (Pointing upwards.) My King is there! (Tableau.)

SCENE 2.—A landscape. (Enter Darby, with a large bundle fastened to his back on a stick, followed by Judy, bundle on her arm.)

Darby—Come along, darling, never say die. I know it's heart-breaking to depart from the place where we first drew the breath of life; but upon my soul, a fellow can't call his life his own in these times. Bedad! the Green Isle used to be renowned for hurling matches and amusements that did a fellow's heart good to see them; but the greatest sport going on now is to hang poor divils for nothing at all, just to please the government. (Throws down bundle.)

Judy—Sure I can't help thinking about the poor master that they are going to murder. I'm glad that my lady will go to reside with her father. She's broken-hearted.

Darby. (Takes small flask from his pocket.) Sit down, cushla, and take a drop of comfort—the spirit's not in me. (Both sit.) Here, wet your whistle, Judy; it will cheer you up a bit. We have three long miles to trudge before we reach the sea-shore. (Gives Judy flask; she tastes it and returns it.) I hope we'll have the luck to find a ship ready to sail for 'Merica. Faix, I long to be there. (Sings.)

They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair. (Drinks.)

(Rising.) Come, Judy, it's no use thinking, as my father used to say: "grieving is folly, so let us be jolly." (Exeunt Darby and Judy.)

SCENE 3.—(Street—People discovered—Music, dead march. Enter procession. Officers, Sergeant with soldiers, Emmet, &c.)

Serg.—Have you anything to say?

Emmet. (Takes papers from bosom.) Here are several letters I wish conveyed to my friends. (Gives them.) And this is my last request, that my body be not mutilated.

Serg.—Your commands shall be faithfully attended to, sir.

Emmet—Thanks. There is one I would have given more than life to see once more before I leave this stage of action. For the public service I abandoned the worship of another idol, the adored of my heart. (A scream without. Maria rushes in, falls into Emmet's arms.) Angelic woman—fit consort for the noblest soul that ever inhabited mortality—how pale this alabaster brow! But weep not for me.

Maria. (Pointing off.) There—there—O horrible!

Emmet—What dost thou see to cause this terror?

Maria. (Shuddering.) That awful preparation!

Emmet—'Tis nothing. Alas! poor Ireland is familiar with such scenes!

Maria—Mark how the rope waves to and fro in the clear wind. See the hangman, the coffin, and the throng of gaping multitude. Horror! horror!

Emmet—I do implore thee, be calm. These sights suit not a woman's eye; yet hear my parting words. Take this dear image of thyself, (gives her miniature,) and treasure it as I have done. Forget this awful hour, and think only of the haleyon days we have enjoyed together. But if hereafter my name should be used as a ribald mock by those in power, say he died in a transport of his country's love.

Serg. (Advances.) Mr. Emmet, your time has expired.

Maria. (Bell tolls.) O Robert! Robert! (Falls upon his bosom.)

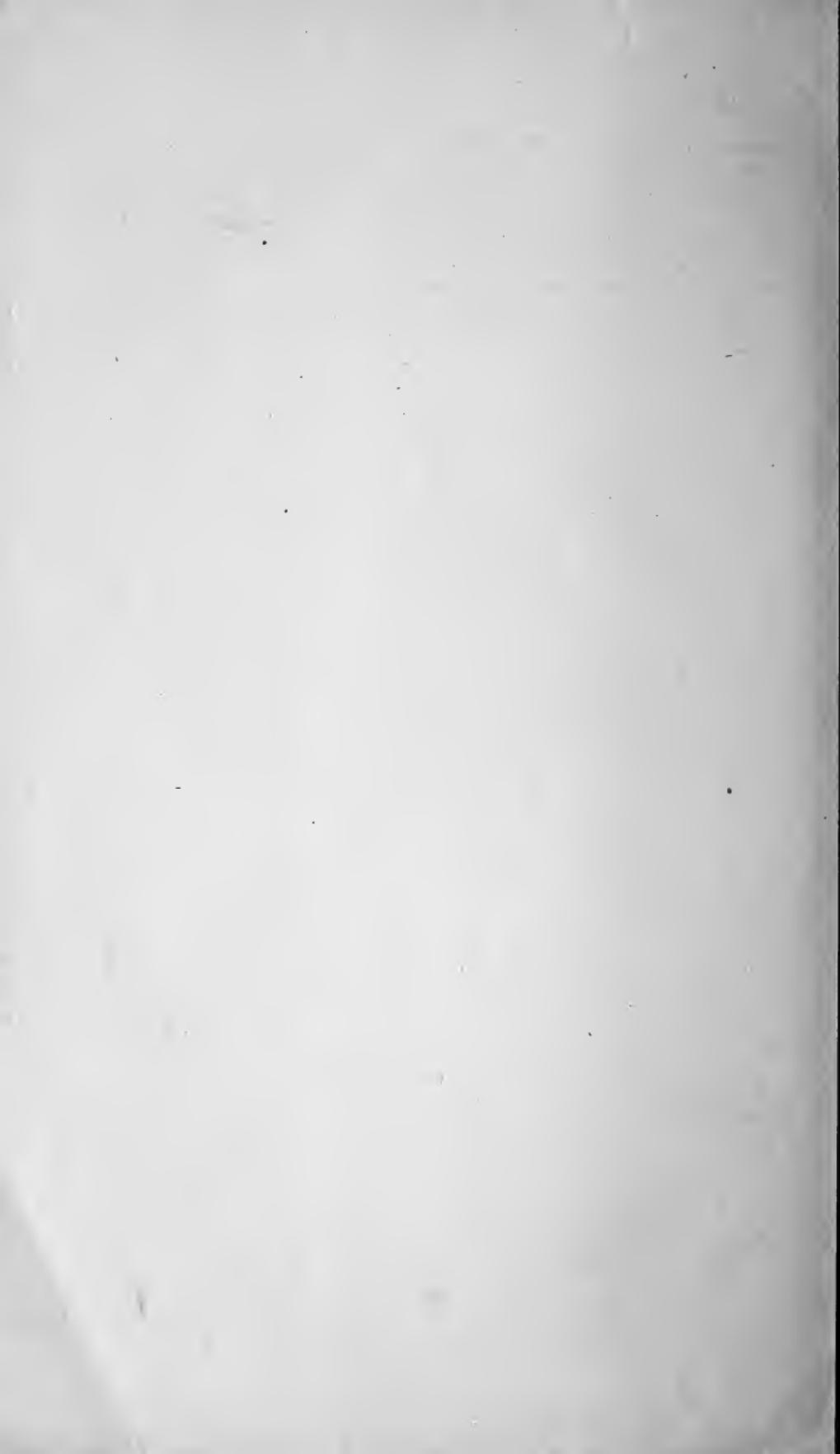
Emmet. (To soldiers.) Bear her gently hence. (Maria faints and falls.) Emmet looks affectionately at Maria, then signifies that he is ready; the procession goes on, bell tolls; drums beat. Tableau.)

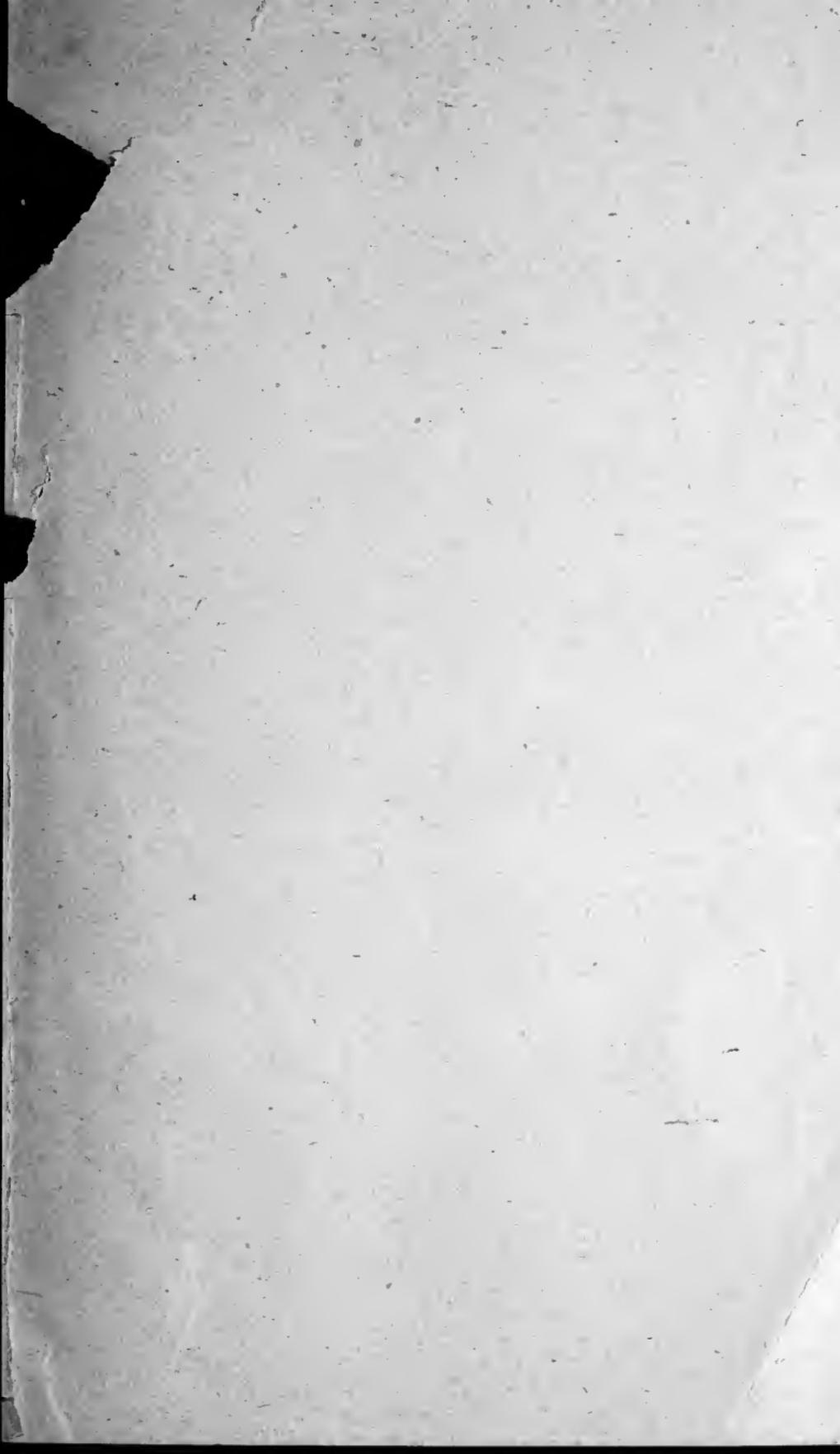
SCENE 3.—Silent—Funeral procession after the hanging—Emmet's body is carried on a bier—Maria rises and throws herself on him.

Tableau.

END.







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